

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Lecke, you can eate a Lecke.

*Gowr.* Enough Captaine, you have astonish'd him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eate some part of my lecke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxcombe.

*Pist.* Must I bite.

*Flu.* Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this Lecke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I sweare.

*Flu.* Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce to your Lecke: there is not enough Lecke to sweare by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

*Flu.* Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe: when you take occasions to see Leckes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* I, Leckes is good: hold you, there is a goar to heale your pate.

*Pist.* Mea goar?

*Flu.* Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue another Lecke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

*Pist.* I take thy goar in earnest of reuenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God buy you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit*

*Pist.* All hell shall stirre for this.

*Gowr.* Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophée of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue scene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

*Pist.* Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now?

Newes haue I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and there Ile steale:

And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres, And swore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

*Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and other French.*

*King.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Cousine Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriud, We do salute you Duke of Burgogne, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

*Fra.* Right ioyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairely met, So are you Princes (English) every one.

*Quee.* So happy be the Issue brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto haue borne In them against the French that met them in their bent, The fatal Ball of murdering Basiliskes: The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

*Eng.* To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare. *Quee.* You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

*Burg.* My dutie to you both, on equall loue. Great Kings of France and England: hat I haue labour'd With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeours, To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview; Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse, Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You haue congregated: let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view,

What Rub, or what Impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace, Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births, Should not in this best Garden of the World, Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage? Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry cloth lye on heapes, Corrupting in it owne fertillie.

Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart, Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd, Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre, Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas, The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femerary, Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts, That should deracinate such Saugery: The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer, Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke; Conceiues by idleness, and nothing reemes, But hateful Dockes, rough Thistles, Keksies, Burres, Loosing both beautie and vtilitie;

And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges, Defective in their natures, grow to wildnesse. Euen so our Houses, and our selues, and Children, Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time, The Sciences that should become our Country; But grow like Sauges, as Souldiers will, That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood: To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attire, And euery thing that seemes vnaturall. Which to reduce into our former fauour, You are assembled: and my speech entreats, That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these inconueniences, And blesse vs with her former qualities.

*Eng.* If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace, Whole want giues growth to th'imperfections Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our iust demands, Whose Tenures and particular effects You haue enchedul'd briefly in your hands.

*Burg.* The King hath heard them: to the which, As yet There is no Answer made.

*Eng.* Well then: the Peace which you before so vrge, Lyes in his Answer.

*France.*

*France.* I haue but with a curselarie eye O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace To appoint some of your Councell presently To sit with vs once more, with better heed To re-suruey them; we will suddenly Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

*England.* Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle Exeter, And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucester, Warwick, and Huntington, goe with the King, And take with you free power, to ratifie, Augment, or alter, as your Wisdomes best Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie, Any thing in or out of our Demands, And wee'll consign thereto. Will you, faire Sister, Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?

*Quee.* Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them: Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good, When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on.

*England.* Yet leaue our Cousin Katherine here with vs, She is our capital Demand, compris'd Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

*Quee.* She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Manet King and Katherine.*

*King.* Faire Katherine, and most faire, Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes, Such as will enter at a Ladyes care, And pleade his Loue-suit to her gentle heart.

*Kath.* Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake your England.

*King.* O faire Katherine, if you will loue me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you like me, Kate?

*Kath.* Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.

*King.* An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an Angell.

*Kath.* Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges?

*Lady.* Ouy verement (saul vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.

*King.* I said so, deare Katherine, and I must not blush to asseure it.

*Kath.* O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont pleins de tromperies.

*King.* What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

*Lady.* Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeesse.

*King.* The Princeesse is the better English-woman: yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou couldst, thou wouldst finde me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargain: how say you, Lady?

*Kath.* Sans vostre honneur, me vnderstand well.

*King.* Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your sake, Kate, why you vndid me: for the one I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape, frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and sit like a lack an Apes, neuer off. But before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning: that neuer looks in his Glasse, for loue of any thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this, take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'st, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Constance, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for these fellows of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselves into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselves out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will stoop, a blacke Beard will turne white, a cur'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepe his course truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I should loue de ennemie of France?

*King.* No, it is not possible you should loue the Enemie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you should loue the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine: and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell wat is dat.

*King.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Je quand sur le possession de France, & quand vous auez le possession de moy.* (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee my speede) *Donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easie for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome, as to speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

*Kath.* Sans vostre honneur, le Francois ques vous parlez, il & melieus que l'Anglois le quel Je parle.

*King.* No faith is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must needes be graunted to be much at one. But Kate, dost thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue mee?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*King.* Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'll question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou beest mine, Kate, as I haue a sauing Faith within me tells me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English, that